

Deaf People Now Hear Whispers

Listening Machines Invented
by a Kentuckian.

Invisible, When Worn, but Act
Like Eye-Glasses.

Ever see a pair of Listening Machines?
They make the Deaf hear distinctly.
They are so soft in the ears one can't tell they
are wearing them.

And, no one else can tell either, because they
are out of sight when worn. Wilson's Ear Drums are
to wear hearing what spectacles are to wear sight.

Because, they are sound-magnifiers, just as
glasses are sight-magnifiers.

They rest the Ear Nerves by taking the strain off
them—the strain of trying to hear dim sounds. They
can be put into the ears, or taken out, in a minute,
just as comfort is as easy as in and out of a hat.

And, they can be worn for weeks at a time, be-
cause they are ventilated, and so soft
in the ear holes they are not
felt even when the head rests
on the pillow. They also pro-
tect any raw inner parts of the
ear from wind, or cold,
dust, or sudden and piercing
sounds.

These little telephones
make it as easy for a Deaf
person to hear
weak sounds as
spectacles make
it easy to read
fine print. And,
the longer one
wears them the
better his hear-
ing grows, be-
cause they rest
up, and strength-
en, the ear nerves. To rest a
weak ear from straining is
like resting a strained wrist
from working.

Wilson's Ear Drums rest the Ear
Nerves by making the sounds louder,
so it is easy to understand without
trying and straining. They make
Deaf people cheerful and comfortable, because
such people can talk with their friends without the
friends having to shout back at them. They can hear
with out straining. It is the straining that puts such
a queer, anxious look on the face of a deaf person.

Wilson's Ear Drums make all the sound strike
hard on the center of the human ear drum, instead
of spreading it weakly all over the surface. It
thus makes the center of the human ear drum
vibrate ten times as much as if the same sound struck
the whole drum head. It is this vibration of the ear
drum that carries sound to the hearing Nerves.
When we make the drum vibrate ten times as much
we make the sound ten times as loud and ten times
as easy to understand.

This is why people who had not in years heard a
clock strike can now hear that same clock tick any-
where in the room, while wearing Wilson's Ear
Drums.

Deafness, from any cause, ear-ache, buzzing
noises in the head, raw and running ears, broken
ear-drums, and other ear troubles, are relieved and
cured (even after Ear Doctors have given up the
case), by the use of these comfortable little ear-
resters and sound-magnifiers.

A sensible book, about Deafness, tells how they
are made, and has printed in it letters from hun-
dreds of people who are using them.

Clergymen, Lawyers, Physicians, Telegraph
Operators, Trainers, Workers in Boiler Shops and
Foundries—four hundred people of all ranks who
were deaf tell their experience in this free book.
They tell how their hearing was brought back to
them almost instantly, by the proper use of Wilson's
Ear Drums.

Some of these very people may live near you,
and be well known to you. What they have to say is
mighty strong proof.

This book has been the means of making 35,000
Deaf people hear again. It will be mailed free to you
if you merely write a post card for it today. Don't
put it off getting back your hearing. Write now, while
you think of it. Get the free book of proof.

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menting, as thousands of people have been cured of blind-
ness, failing eyesight, catar-
acts, granulated lids and other
afflictions of the eye through
this grand discovery, when
eminent oculists termed the
cases incurable.

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N. Y., writes: "Actina"
removed cataracts from both
my eyes. I can read well with-
out glasses. Am 65 years old."

Robert Baker, Ocean Park, Cal., writes: "I should
have been blind had I not used Actina."

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Association, Dept. 3918, Walnut Street, Kansas City,
Mo., you will receive free, a valuable book, Prof. Wilson's
Treatise on the Eye and on Disease in General, and you
can rest assured that your eyesight and hearing will be
restored, no matter how many doctors have failed.

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A GOOD-CHEER MILLIONAIRE

By Nixon Waterman

Old Cy Tuttle's just that cheerful he's a cure for blues—
Somehow has the knack o' findin' balm for every bruise—
Never says a storm's a-brewin'; when the skies are gray
It's his notion that the weather's goin' to clear away.

Meet Cy on a winter mornin', when it's just that cold
It would freeze your very gizzard, never hear him scold;
'Pears to sort o' pour out sunshine from some hidden store
Till he makes it seem lots warmer than it was before.

Then ag'in, suppose he greets you some day in July
When the sun comes down so scorchin' makes your marrow fry,
He don't let the weather grieve him; looks as cool and nice
'S if he and his linen-duster just stepped off the ice.

Once I asked him where he gathered that good cheer o' his.
"Well," says Cy, "I don't make nothin' no worse than it is;
Some folks go a-huntin' shadders; I want shine," says he—
"I ain't goin' to trouble trouble till it troubles me."

"When it's rainy I keep thinkin' how the grass 'll grow;
When the weather's kind o' scorchin' then I think o' snow;
When there's snow I dream o' summer: so I sort o' smile,
Knowin' I'll get all that's comin' if I wait awhile."

Cy says there's a lot in thinkin' that you're rich or poor;
It's the thinkin' this or that way makes it so for sure.
'Twouldn't do to call Cy wealthy, gaged by dollars, yet
He's about the richest mortal I have ever met.

FANTASIAS ON THE KEYBOARD OF A TYPE-WRITER I. OLD TIMES

By Reynold Smith Pickering

THE magnate lit his long, black per-
fecto and sank back wearily in the
great leather chair. Now and then he
ran his finger along the top of his stiff,
white collar, which seemed altogether too
high for his short neck, and a thoughtful
look rested in his eyes.

The door opened slowly and an old man
entered. He seemed strangely out of
place amid the rich surroundings of the
room. He advanced irresolutely a few
paces, and then stood still, surveying the
man before him with grave eyes. Finally
he spoke, with voice musical and clear.

"Pardon me for intruding; but I rather
thought that you might wish to see me
to-night. I called at your office before,
but you were so busy that—"

"I remember," interrupted the mag-
nate, the light of recognition coming into
his face. "You are Old Times, I be-
lieve? I am sorry that I was engaged
when you called. Won't you sit down?
Let me take your coat."

The old man chuckled as the other
took the threadbare garment and laid
it across the back of a chair.

"Thank you," he said as he sat down.
"I was afraid that you were going to
ring for your man to take my things."

The magnate smiled. "I was about to
do so," he said; "but somehow it came
more natural to help you myself." He
took an imported cigar from his
pocket and held it toward the old man.

"Will you smoke?" he inquired.

Old Times smiled and shook his head.
"If you don't mind," he answered, "I
shall light my pipe; I am more used to it."

"By all means," said the magnate cor-
dially. "I really think that I should
be glad to smell the old brand again."

Old Times lit his pipe and watched the
smoke as it mounted ceilingward. "It is
a wonderful comfort," he sighed, "this
old pipe of mine."

"Lord knows," answered the other,
pulling at his collar, "one needs com-
forting nowadays."

Old Times regarded him wistfully for
a moment. "Things have changed some-
what, haven't they?" he said, looking
about the room, "since—"

"Since I made my money?" ques-
tioned the magnate, knocking the ashes
from his cigar.

"That's it, that's it!" assented the old
man eagerly. "Things have changed
since the days when we used to go about
together so much, and were always con-

fiding our hopes and dreams to each
other. Do you remember how you al-
ways said that you were going to settle
down in a little cottage somewhere, and
how you pictured to me a thousand
times the way your children were to run
out and meet you when you returned
home in the evening, tired and happy,
and I even recall your describing how
the smoke was going to curl from the
chimney and show white against the sky."

The magnate shifted uneasily.

But the old man continued: "And
that pretty girl with the blue eyes, whom
you always were telling me of. Do you
ever see her now? I remember you
used to think her the most wonderful
creature in all the world, sweet and un-
selfish and womanly."

The magnate interrupted him ner-
vously. "But she was entirely out of
the question," he said, frowning.

"She wasn't then," answered the old
man softly.

The other chewed at his cigar and
drummed on the arm of his chair.

Old Times regarded him for a moment
with steady eyes. "By the way," he
asked abruptly, "when did you see your
children last?"

"Why—er—you know I've been so
busy lately," answered the magnate
apologetically.

The old man sighed and rose. "I
think that I shall have to go," he said.

The magnate assisted him into the
worn coat and handed him his hat.
"Must you leave so soon?" he ques-
tioned.

Old Times waved his hand toward the
window. "I just heard your carriage
drive up, and I am afraid that your wife
will be waiting for you. Are you going
to the opera?"

The other nodded wearily. "Yes,"
he answered, "for the second time this
week; but then you know it is very
fashionable." He stopped abruptly and pulled
at the end of his mustache.

A faint smile hovered for a moment on
Old Times' thin lips, and he held out his
hand. "Good-night," he said.

The other grasped the hand and pressed
it warmly. "And you will come again?"

"Yes, I am always glad to come to you
when you can find time to see me. I—"

There was a timid knock on the door,
and the next moment the magnate's
man stood upon the threshold.

"Madam is waiting, sir," he said softly.

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